Alarmes, and then enter *Warwike* wounded.

War. Ah, who is nie? Come to me friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor *Yorke* or *Warwike*?
Why aske I that? my mangled bodie shewes,
That I must yeeld my bodie to the earth,
And by my fall the conquest to my foes,
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the axes edge,
Whose armes gaue shelter to the princelie Eagle,
Vnder whose shade the ramping Lion slept,
Whose top branch ouerpeerd *Ioues* spreading tree,
The wrinkles in my browes now fild with bloud,
Were likened oft to kinglie sepulchers.
For who liu'd king, but *I* could dig his graue?
And who durst smile, when *Warwike* bent his brow?
Lo now my glorie smeerd in dust and bloud,
My parkes, my walkes, my mannors that *I* had,
Euen now forsake me, and of all my lands,
Is nothing left me but my bodies length.

Enter *Oxford* and *Somerset*.

Oxf. Ah *Warwike*, *Warwike*, cheere vp thy selfe and liue
For yet thears hope enough to win the daie.
Our warlike *Queene* with troopes is come from *France*
And at *South-hampton* landed all hir traine,
And mightst thou liue, then would we neuer flie.
War. Whie then I would not flie, nor haue I now,
But *Hercules* himselfe must yeeld to ods,
For manie wounds receiu'd, and manie moe repaid,
Hath robd my strong knit sinews of their strength,
And spite of spites needes must I yeeld to death.
Som. Thy brother *Montague* hath breathd his last,
And at the pangs of death I heard him crie

And saie, commend me to my valiant brother,
And more he would haue spoke and more he said,
Which sounded like a clamor in a vault,
That could not be distinguisht for the sound,
And so the valiant *Montague* gaue vp the ghost.
War. What is pompe, rule, raigne, but earth and dust?
And liue we how we can, yet die we must.
Sweet rest his soule, flie Lords and saue your selues,
For *Warwike* bids you all farewell to meet in Heauen.

He dies.

Oxf Come noble *Somerset*, lets take our horse,
And cause retrait be sounded through the campe,
That all our friends that yet remaine aliue,
Maie be awarn'd and saue themselues by flight.
That done, with them weele post vnto the *Queene*,
And once more trie our fortune in the field. *Ex. ambo.*

Enter *Edward*, *Clarence*, *Gloster*, with souldiers.

Edw. Thus still our fortune giues vs victorie,
And girts our temples with triumphant ioies.
The bigboond traytor *Warwike* hath breathde his last,
And heauen this daie hath smilde vpon vs all,
But in this cleere and brightsome daie,
I see a blacke suspitious cloud appeare
That will encounter with our glorious sunne
Before he gaine his easefull westerne beames,
I meane those powers which the *Queen* hath got in *Frãce*
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.
Glo. *Oxford* and *Somerset* are fled to hir,
And tis likelie if she haue time to breath,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
Edw. We are aduertisde by our louing friends,